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### A TOUCHING STORY.

[FROM THE N. Y. PRESS.]

### The Law of Divorce.

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES.

"HARRY, HARRY, dearest, what can you be dreaming over? you don't take the least notice of me, and I have wished you a happy new year a half a dozen times. How stupid to keep pouring over that musty old paper, while ——"

"While you want me to give you my morning's kiss, eh?" exclaimed Harry Herbert, jumping up and hastily suiting the action to the word.

"Well I'm sure! was there ever ——" and, with a smile that displaced the gathering pout, the young wife playfully boxed her handsome husband's ears, and then prepared to dispense the luxuries that steamed upon her well-ordered table.

"Whatever is it, that you find so amusing in the paper Harry?"

"The new law of divorce, dear."

"That horrid immoral law!"

"It's important that every man should understand it," suggested Harry.

"In case they should ever require to to avail themselves of it!" satirized Caroline.

"Exactly!"

"Harry!"

"Yes love."

"Why surely *you* are not going to do so?"

"Indeed I am!"

"What divorce *me?*"

"Not that I know of!"

"What *can* you mean? What have you to do with such a vile, abominable piece of nonsense?"

"You should read it, Carry."

"Not I! I wouldn't read it on any account."

"How then can you judge its purpose?"

"Oh, I know all about it! It is husband here to-day and gone to-morrow! home and no home! Insufferable nonsense! I always thought our legislators were fools! now I'm sure of it! Pretty laws, indeed!"

"*You'd* make better, I suppose!" interjected Harry.

"Wouldn't I! Talk of women, indeed! why, they are sages, philosophers, to the set of *old* women who sit in Parliament."

"Don't libel your own sex, my dear," interrupted Harry.

"Then, there's the children! What is to become of them, I should like to know! are they to be given up to the guidance of their good for nothing fathers, or are their poor, discarded, destitute mothers to hoist them on their shoulders, and go pedlarizing them from door to door?" exclaimed Carry.

"What would you have? Are not all your strong-minded women clamoring for women's rights? and here, now, we have a concession at once—a noble concession."

"Noble fiddlesticks! the right of laboring for their offspring—a right that women have exercised, law or no law, since the world began!"

"Ay, but not under the protection of the law."

"Pshaw! what's that, I should like to know?"

"Ah! you little know the grievances of your sex. However, be satisfied the interests of the children will be in good hands!"

"Good hands, indeed! This is turning marriage into a farce. To be married in a corner by a registrar—no marriage ceremony—no consecration!"

"Very convenient when a fellow hates a fuss!" said Harry.

At this moment a servant entered, and presented a note to her master. The young counsellor started as he recognized the writing, and quickly scanning the few lines it contained, crushed it in his hand. Then, seeming to be for a few moments lost in thought, he flung it into the grate, and, rising absently, was leaving the room.

"Harry! Harry! are you going to the chambers?"

"Yes, dearest! a business appointment."

"You return to dinner?"

"No; I have an important case which will detain me to a late hour."

"But you promised to take me to the theatre."

"That must be postponed."

"Provoking," exclaimed Carry.

"To-morrow will do as well."

"Where are you going this evening?" asked Carry.

"To see a strong minded woman."—There was a sadness in his tone, though he spoke playfully.

"You are laughing at me."

"No indeed. It is not a laughing matter I assure you."

"Go along! There, fold your comforter closely; the morning is cold. But, dear Harry, pray come back as soon as ever you can."

"Yes, dearest!" and, he pressed his kiss upon her lips. Before, however, he reached the hall door he turned. "Carry, about that strong minded belle of mine?"

"Nonsense!"

"Divorce or no divorce! a two years' caning you know! Don't forget that!"

"Will you never be steady? Go, go! that hall door is letting in a current of air that freezes me."

"*Au revoir*, Carry! Good morning, Mrs. Hawkeye. You'll find Mrs. Herbert in the dining room. I'm off to chambers."

"Exemplary young man! Always intent on business! Well, good morning! I'll not detain you. I've just a word to say to Mrs. Herbert; so adieu! adieu!

The visitor was a tall, raw boned woman, with thin lips, straight nose, and quick cat's eyes. She had a cat's stealthy step too; and hastily laying aside her bonnet, she followed Mrs. Herbert into her sitting room, as though she were about to commit a crime.

"He's a good husband," soliloquised the young wife. "What ever should I do if I were to be separated from him?—Bless him! I wouldn't be divorced from him if I were to hear ever such a thing! no not even were I to see——bless me! Mrs. Hawkeye, I was not aware you were in the room. Who let you in?"

"Don't be agitated dear! it was Mr. Herbert."

"Harry? Yes, he's just gone to the chambers."

"To chambers!" echoed Mrs. Hawkeye.

"Yes, he's always attentive to business!—ha!"

"Wouldn't neglect it for an hour; not even for an evening's pleasure," said Mrs. Herbert.

"Evening's pleasure! ha! hem!" responded Mrs. Hawkeye.

"Though I must own I was anxious to see the pantomime one hears so much ——"

"One hears *so* much!"

There was something in the woman's iteration of her words that jarred unpleasantly on Caroline's nerves; so she looked at Mrs. Hawkeye inquiringly, and saw her countenance wore a mysterious expression.

"Madam!" ejaculated Mrs. Herbert.

"Know all about it! Overheard! Ah yes! Admire your spirit! Good news that men should be punished for such things now!"

"What things? I don't understand."

"La! my dear, don't mind me; I'm as silent as a church! But you will have to prove cruelty, my dear! I can bear witness he confessed to using the cane, so that goes for something!"

"Why, Madam, what can you be thinking about?" asked Carry.

"Know the cause? I do!"

"Yes, Harry *said* he had a cause."

"Don't doubt it, dear. Saw her go into his chamber!"

"She's a lady client then?"

"Well, of course she's a lady. Mr. Herbert is a man of taste."

"I don't exactly see what that has to do with it—he would plead for a poor man as readily as for a rich one; and I have seen him evince more true and genuine satisfaction at having served a client who had only thanks to offer him, than ever he seemed to feel where his fee was paid in Gold."

"But when it is paid in kisses?" said Mrs. Hawkeye.

"In kisses?" It was now Caroline's turn to play echo.

"Men think they can do what they will with impunity; but there are eyes and ears—and when gentlemen make love in the Hall——"

"The Hall!" exclaimed Caroline.

"Passers by can't help seeing;—and if it were *my* husband ——"

"My husband!" the words seemed to come from the depths of the young wife's heart, and for a moment she was transfixed; but suddenly a glow spread over her cheeks and brow, and an electric spark flashed from her eyes, and she drew herself up and ordered Mrs. Hawkeye to quit her presence.

"This is my husband's house madam! I am the guardian of his honor, and of his name! No aspersion on his character must be uttered in my presence. Good morning, madam!"

"Poor fool!" sneered the scandal monger, as she unwillingly turned to follow the servant who waited to show her out. "She had rather be deceived than convinced! What a model wife, what a strong-minded woman!"

Caroline relaxed not a muscle until she heard the door close upon the departure of her mischievous visitor; then she despairingly threw her arms above her head, and in a very torrent of tears, sank down among the cushions which the beloved form of Harry had so lately pressed.

The indulgence of this frantic ebullition lasted, however but a few minutes.

"Convinced!" she exclaimed; "I'll be convinced! I must be! to doubt the man I love is agony! Convinced I will be! but how? How? What was it she asserted? A lady! kissing in the Hall! Shameless! But I'll not believe it! My Harry is the soul of honor! Yes, yes, it must be true, she would not have *dared*—Oh, husband, husband! What cruelty of the arm can equal the cruelty of the heart? What shall I do? What can I? I must know all, I must, or I cannot bear it"

Suddenly, as she sat rocking herself hopelessly to and fro, her eyes fell on the crumpled note, which lay still unburnt, among the ashes. To snatch it from the grate was the impulse of a moment. The writing was a woman's! One line met her eyes—only one! She staggered, as though she had received a blow. "An appointment!" she gasped. She held the note dubiously for a moment. There was a fierce struggle in her breast—face and brow flushed, then suddenly grew pale. A proud look stole over her fine features; then, turning away her head, and holding the paper at arm's length, she slowly dropped it into the fire; then placing the poker upon it, held it firmly down till it turned to ashes. Then with a deep drawn sigh, she turned and sought her chamber.

The evening was cold, and the wintry sleet beat into the faces of the passers by as they hurried through Lincoln's Inn fields—and the neighboring clocks were striking eight, as a lady, well shawled and veiled, passed the turnstile, and took her way down the least frequented side of the square; until, when she had arrived at the southern corner, she drew from her bosom a small tablet, and stopped beneath a lamp to read the address which it contained Having done so, and carefully replaced the tiny remembrancer, she hastily moved on until she came to a building where a light dimly visible, gleamed from an upper chamber. Quickly she ascended the steps, and seemed to trace with her finger tips rather that with her eyes, the name of the occupant of these lighted chambers. Scarcely had she time to accomplish this, ere a cab driven at great speed, was heard dashing through the square, and the lady could hardly start across the road and gain the shelter of the trees before it pulled up with a jerk, and Harry Herbert sprang to the ground. As the cab departed, another form glided up the steps. She went on without pause, as if treading an accustomed way, looking neither to the right nor to the left until she actually ran into Harry's outspread arms; who greeted her with a fond embrace, seemed almost to bear her in his arms into the house.

"My poor darling Alice!" he exclaimed, "my suffering angel! be at peace! You are safe within my sheltering arms."

A sob was the reply, and then the closing of the heavy door concealed them from the piercing eyes of the watching wife, who stood like a pale statute grasping the iron railing, and struggling to keep down the convulsive ebullitions of her inward sufferings. Presently the light from the upper window expanded into brighter power, and she could see the two figures reflected on the blinds,—her husband, her own Harry, with his arms twined round the waist of his companion, who seemed to rest her forehead on his shoulder, while he read over to her a document, which to the impatient, distracted Caroline seemed like the fiat of eternal doom.

"Will this trial never end?" she muttered between her clenched teeth. Yes, they are extinguishing the lights! The door opens; they issue forth; her Harry supporting still the female form who leans upon him with assured familiarity; they proceed on, followed by the wife; she is close upon them; she hears words of encouragement—words of affection; she could almost touch them, but they see her not. She follows on. "I will see the end, although I die at their feet," she murmurs. Ah! they turn down a mean street—they stop. The house is small; the door is open; they enter; the wife stealthily creeps on up the narrow stairs. They pause: it is at the door of a small back chamber. They pass in, but not before Caroline's eagle glance has scanned the interior. Her knees are knocking together—her heart leaps as though it would burst its bounds, and then suddenly stands still; her mouth is parched; and, if it were to save her life, she could not utter a sound, or move from the spot, where she is alone sustained by grasping the banisters. Suddenly, Harry speaks, "What says he?" It was Caroline's heart that asked. The reply! life hangs on the reply! Ah! the blood flows again, it circles through the veins; it flushes her pale cheek; it is a man who answers!

The apartment into which Harry Herbert was conducted by his companion, was small, but neatly furnished, yet it bore strong evidence of the ineffectual struggles between refinement and poverty; a bright fire, however, shone in the grate, and a cherub boy reclined upon the rug, busily engaged in copying his mother's drawings. As they entered a man met them from an inner apartment: he looked wasted and worn; the evil passions had left their traces upon his features: still, there were present the remnants of remarkable beauty; and though his eyes sank before the stern look of Harry Herbert, he struggled to control his inward emotions, and to put on an air of hardihood. He even attempted to extend his hand; but Harry seemed to not perceive it, as, in a haughty tone he inquired, "How is it that I see *you* here? here, in the presence of the woman you have outraged, and the child you have disgraced?"

"Whe never my wife is, there I have a right to be!" said the ruffian, with a defiant gesture; "and I dare you, lawyer as you are, to put me out!"

"I am here, sir!" indignantly exclaimed Harry. "to protect my *sister!*" A low sigh might have been heard, but those within the chamber were too much excited to notice it.

"She married you much against my advice, for your youth gave no good promise; but had I known even a tithe of her distress, you should never have had the opportunity to oppress her, as you have done!"

"You dare not prevent my doing what I please with my own. She is my property, as much as if she were my dog, or my horse. I can chastise either as I please." "Miscreant! twice you have roobed your poor victim of her home; twice driven her forth with her child, friendless and homeless!"

"Why didn't her friends take her in?"

"Because they did not choose to shelter *you!*" "Ay, wherever she was *I* could not be refused admittance."

"We will help *her*, but we will not support *you*."

"Wherever *she* has a home, there I go. Whatever *she* earns, *I* put in my pocket, and no law nor judge can prevent me."

"And this is your determination?"

"It is."

"This day, released from a degrading punishment for a brutal assault upon your helpless wife, you return for the *third* time to renew your persecution?"

"'Tis my *right*, if I choose to do it.—I don't say that I mean to do it; but, if I choose, I can."

"And so, because your former friends are disgusted with your conduct, and society closes its doors against you, you presume to believe that your victim will still receive you?"

"She can't help herself—she *must*, whether she likes it or no!" and he laughed a mocking laugh. "She has no resource but the workhouse, and I don't suppose her relations will let her become a pauper to get rid of me."

"Better that than your slave, Frank, exclaimed Alice.

"Be silent, woman," shouted Frank, "and speak when you're spoken to."

'Such *was*, indeed, the law," said the young counsellor; but, by the document I hold in my hand, all that is altered.—She has appealed to the court, and she is now relieved from your tyrranny.—Only by her own weakness can she ever again be subjected to your vile presence. Cheer up, Alice,"—for she had sunk, trembling, into a chair,—"none dare now molest you. Be but true to yourself, and the laws of your country will finally relieve you from an unworthy husband."

Frank looked from one to the other, doubtingly. "Is this true, Alice? I know you would not deceive me!"

"Quite true, Frank. You know my provocation!"

"Yes, yes; I don't deny I've been a villain to you!"

Harry put into his hands a legal document. Frank slowly read it to the end; then it dropped upon the floor.

"Will you, then, cast me off? Can you, Alice? Look at our boy! Does he not plead for his father!"

Alice turned away her head. "It is for my child's sake that I am firm!"

"Come, come, Alice, no weakness!" exclaimed Harry. "I have no sympathy with the woman who permits herself to be used like a slave, and her children to be rendered vagabonds. I have a brother's right to protect you and your child; and, please God, I will make a man of him, so that I may not be ashamed of my nephew, though I have long become so of his father."

Frank stood for a few moments contemplating the group—the boy was clinging round Harry's neck, and Alice wept upon his shoulder. "Forgive me, Alice," he said, and he brushed away a tear of penitence. "Say good bye, and God speed you! Had the law of marriage been a better law, I should have been a better man."

"I believe it," responded Harry.

"Do, Harry, and shake hands with me—we shall never meet again. Take care of the boy. I know you will be kind to Alice. I'm off for Australia; the gold mines and the bush—those are the places for such as I; and if ever I hit upon a lumping nugget, little Charley, there shall hear from his father—if not, never! never!"

He pressed a kiss upon the boy's brow, who shrank away frightened—paused a moment beside Alice, who seemed almost fainting—then, by a sudden impulse, roughly embraced her, and hurried from the room.

Ere he reached the door, Harry caught his hand, and pressed a note of some value into his palm; and, during the momentary pause a light step stole noiselessly down the stairs, and fled quickly away.

When Harry Herbert reached home with his sister and her son, his wife was ready to receive them. There was a dainty evening meal prepared, a bright fire, and a perfect picture of home comfort; and never, never had Caroline's bloom seemed so beautiful, or her manners so graceful, as when she warmly welcomed Alice to her hearth, and embraced the boy with a mother's tenderness.

When, at a late hour, they retired to their own room, Caroline related to her husband all her past doubts and fears, sueing forgiveneness for suspecting his love. This was readily granted; and although Alice and her child had cause to bless the new law of divorce, I feel quite sure that Counsellor Herbert and his wife never will have occasion to apply it to their own case.

Good accounts have been received from Australia. They say that Frank is reforming, and that there is every prospect that some day little Charley will really get the nugget. And as Alice firmly refuses to prosecute her claim to a divorce, I shouldn't wonder, after all, if, in some years to come, Frank should come back very good and very penitent, if she were to forget and forgive.

### "Meet Lizzie at Six."

That was all the dispatch contained.—Four little words; yet what excitement they caused in the household at Maple Cottage; the quiet, sober household, whose members, at the moment of its reception, were on the point of going to rest for the night.

"Meet Lizzie at six!" Was our darling indeed so near us? Two years and three months had passed since our eyes had been gladdened with her girlish beauty, since her voice had mingled with the bird music that floated all the long summer days among the maples. Two years and three months she had been buried among books, in a far-away city, bowing her sunny curls, over algebra and geometry, grammar and philosophy, astronomy and botany, French and Latin; patiently at first, because her parents desired it; afterward cheerfully, to please the teachers she had learned to love; and at last, zealously, from pure thirst for the treasures these studies unlocked to her. But it was over now—these toilsome years—and she was on her way to us once more—our Lizzie—our pet and pride—we should "meet her at six."

She had left B. in the morning; had journeyed without stopping all day; this was guessed at once; and at eight in the evening, finding a hasty opportunity, she had telegraphed to us the words above. At six, the Eastern train arrived at our station; Lizzie was to ride all night, for the sake of reaching home thus early.—It was like her; impulsive, warm-hearted child that she was!

How little we slept that night! What slight sounds around us; how early we were all astir—even the baby and the white-haired grand father; "Meet Lizzie, eh!" he said; "aye, indeed will we!" And the old man's voice caught a youthful tone, and his crutches an elastic movement, as he hobbled about the house, giving orders, as if all the responsibility rested upon him, to be sure.

There was Hannah, too, bewildering the mother about breakfast. "Did Lizzie like coffee or cocoa best?" And would she make biscuits or waffles? And the mother smiling all the time, nodded her head to everything, and went hurrying about, with the grid-iron in one hand, and the egg-boiler in another, coaxing Fanny to curl the baby's hair, and looking at the clock every five minutes. But Fanny, with mysterious apronfuls of something, was flighting up stairs and down, leaving a book, here a flower there, a daguerreotype on the table, or a rosy cheeked fall apple in the window—something for Lizzie to see and smile at.—Only the father seemed undisturbed. We noticed, to be sure, the dimples in his cheeks, which Lizzie always said she made with her fingers when she was a babe, looked deeper when he smiled, and that his voice was a little less steady, he told Thomas to bring the horses; but he did not like to be considered a demonstrative man, so we only looked significantly at each other, and said nothing. Still waters are sometimes very deep.

At last the carriage came around, and we got in; two of us, beside the father, who was to drive. There was room for more; but it was quite out of her line, the mother said, to go on a dashing drive before breakfast; so we left her on the piazza, with the pickle-dish in her hand, and wiping her eyes with her apron.

It was half a mile to the depot, and the sun not quite risen when we started.—How balmy and pure the air was that soft September morning. We thought, egotists as we are, in our happiness, that nature sympathized with us. It seemed as if there never had been so fair a sunrising before, and as if half the glory of the morning would have been wasted, had Lizzie not been coming home.

The cars had not arrived, when we stopped at the station, but we heard the whistle of the locomotive, not very distant; and those few, sweet, waiting moments—what a world of blessed anticipation they held. The sun was rising—ah, Lizzie! Lizzie!

At last the train came up—stopped.—We looked at the windows; only a row of sad faces! Lizzie must have sat on the other side. A few passengers came out, solemn-faced and silent. We pressed forward—so did those who were going out of the train. The conductor appeared, and waved everybody back, then motioned to some one in the car. The two men came out, and slowly descended the steps, bearing a lifeless body—a woman; her features covered by a veil. They bore it into the saloon, and laid it reverently upon the sofa. Still the conductor waved the crowd back—except our party! He knew us, and turned away his face as we approached.

Then we knew how it was; all except the father; he could not believe! Firmly he raised the veil from the dead face. Oh, God! All merciful! Is it thus we meet thee, Lizzie, darling, our best beloved, the idol of our heart!

In a brief time we learned the story—learned how the angel of the Lord had "met Lizzie" before us, in the still twilight of that autumn morning, and after one pang, terrible we know, but brief, had wafted her gentle spirit to those who waited for her in the home of angels!

At the very last stopping-place, Lizzie had left the car to procure some food for a little child, who had fretted all night in the arms of a wearied mother. The train stopped but a moment; it was dusk, and none of the officials had seen her leave it. She returned hastily to find it moving, made a misstep, fell forward—and the rest—it is a common tale, such as newspapers chronicle every week. The beautiful head with its sunny curls was—what we saw at the station house!

We shed no tears at first, though it seemed as if a drop could save our hearts from bursting—it would not come. Not even when one who, we afterwards learned, was on his way to a wedding party, and who, journeying with Lizzie but a few hours, had yet learned to know her good as beautiful, came up and laid, in tearful silence, a bouquet of pure white rose-buds upon her bosom. We buried them with her—the stranger's kindly offering of sympathy and respect.

Blessed be God for tears! They came at last; came when we saw the mother! That scene is too sacred for detail. But the old grandfather's mind wandered when he heard the tidings, and all day he sat in his arm-chair on the porch, listening to the whistle of the train, as his dull ear faintly distinguished it, "I reckon Lizzie's aboard that. Has anybody gone to meet the gal!" When told again, he would seem to comprehend for a few moments, and once he called the creeping baby to him, and patting its white shoulders, said, "Grandsir's old, and lame, and blind; he could not go to the station, but grandsir's going to see Lizzie first, after all. Yes, yes—grandsir's not so far from his little gal as the rest of them, but we're all following fast!"

Blessed lost one! How prone we are to forget this. How hard for our faith to "put back the dead love from her arms," and looking upward, upward, to the glory that encompasseth thee forever. We mourn thee always, Lizzie; our idolatrous hearts yield but slowly to thy Father's chastening, yet in it we feel the earnest of joy to come; we know the clinging earth-garments cannot hold us back from thee forever; we know that we shall yet "meet thee at six," at the glorious sunrise of the resurrection morning.—[Ohio Farmer.

### Bulwer on the Destruction of Jerusalem.

A few weeks ago Sir E. Bulwer Lytton delivered a lecture in Lincoln, which city he has for a number of years represented in Parliament, on the early history of Eastern nations. He gave an outline of the history of the Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek and Jewish nations, and closed with the following powerful and dramatic description of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus:

"Six years after the birth of our Lord, Judea and Samaria became a Roman province, under subordinate governors, the most famous of whom was Pontius Pilate. These governors became so oppressive that the Jews broke out into rebellion; and seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem was finally besieged by Titus, afterwards Emperor of Rome. No tragedy on the stage has the same scenes of appalling terror as are to be found in the history of this siege. The city itself was rent by factions at the deadliest war with each other—all the elements of civil hatred had broke loose—the streets were slippery with the blood of citizens—brother slew brother—the granaries were set on fire—famine wasted those whom the sword did not slay. In the midst of these civil massacres, the Roman armies appeared before the walls of Jerusalem. Then for a short time the rival factions united against the common foe; they were again the gallant countrymen of David and Joshua—they sallied forth and scattered the eagles of Rome. But this triumph was brief; the ferocity of the ill-fated Jews soon again wasted itself on each other.—And Titus marched on—encamped his armies close by the walls—and from the heights the Roman general gazed with awe on the strength and splendor of the city of Jehovah.

Let us here pause—and take, ourselves, a mournful glance at Jerusalem, as it then was. The city was fortified by a triple wall, save on one side, where it was protected by deep and impassable ravines.—These walls, of the most solid masonry, were guarded by strong towers, opposite to the loftiest of these towers Titus had encamped. From the height of that tower the sentinal might have seen stretched below the whole of that fair territory of Judea, about to pass from the country men of David. Within these walls was the palace of the kings—its roof of cedar, its doors of the rarest marbles, its chambers filled with the costliest tapestries, and vessels of gold and silver. Groves and gardens gleaming with fountains, adorned with statues of bronze, divided the courts of the palace itself But high above all, upon a precipitous rock, rose the temple, fortified and adorned by Solomon. This temple was as strong without as a citadel—within more adorned than a palace. On entering, you beheld porticos of numberless columns of porphyry, marble and alabaster; gates odorned with gold and silver, among which was the wonderful gate called the Beautiful. Further on, through a vast arch, was the sacred portal which admitted into the interior of the temple itself—all sheeted over with gold, and overhung by a vine tree of gold, the branches of which were as large as a man. The roof of the temple, even on the outside, was set over with golden spikes, to prevent the birds settling there and defiling the holy dome. At a distance, the whole temple looked like a mountain of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles. But alas! the veil of that temple had been already rent asunder by an inexpiable crime, and the Lord of Hosts did not fight with Israel. But the enemy is thundering at the wall. All around the city rose immense machines, from which Titus poured down mighty fragments of rock, and showers of fire.—The walls gave way—the city was entered—the temple itself was stormed Famine in the meanwhile had made such havoc, that the besieged were more like spectres than living men; they devoured the belts to their swords, the sandals to their feet. Even nature itself so perished away, that a mother devoured her own infant; fulfilling the awful words of the warlike prophet who had first led the Jews towards the land of promise—"The tender and delicate women amongst you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness—his eye shall be evil toward her young one and the children that she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness herewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates." Still, as if the foe and the famine was not enough, citizens smote and murdered each other as they met in the way—false prophets ran howling through the street—every image of despair completes the ghastly picture of the fall of Jerusalem. And now the temple was set on fire, the Jews rushing through the flames to perish amidst its ruins. It was a calm summer night—the 10th of August; the whole hill on which stood the temple was a gigantic blaze of fire—the roofs of cedar crashed—the golden pinacles of the dome were like spikes of crimson flame.—Through the lurid atmosphere all was carnage and slaughter; the echoes of shrieks and yells rang back from the Hill of Zion and the Mount of Olives. Amongst the smoking ruins, and over piles of the dead, Titus planted the standard of Rome. Thus were fulfilled the last avenging prophecies—thus perished Jerusalem. In that dreadful day, men still were living who might have heard the warning voice of Him they crucified—"Verily I say unto you all, these things shall come upon this generation. * * * * O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee, * * * * behold your house is left unto you desolate!" And thus were the Hebrew people scattered over the face of the earth, retaining to this hour their mysterious identity—still a living proof of those prophets they had scorned or slain—still vainly awaiting that Messiah, whose divine mission was fulfilled eighteen centures ago, upon the Mount of Calvary.

TRUTH.—Plato asserted that if Truth were to come down from heaven, and display itself in all its glory upon earth, all men would instantly fall down and worship it. What Plato stated as a hypothesis, inspired history records to have been a lamentable miscalculation on his part, Truth come down from the skies, beauty and perfection: neither hell nor earth were able to detect a flaw in it; but so false proved the prophecy of the learned and accomplished philosopher that the world rose up against it, and shouted in a voice of thunder: "Away with him! crucify him! Not this man, Barabbas!"